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TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

LETTER II.

Quack Remedies.

SIR,—The foetid hospital, which excites loathing in all other persons, is the natural element of Quacks. The hollow cough of the consumptive is music to their ears. They chuckle with delight at the tumbling-out teeth and the half-disguised limp, from which other people turn with disgust. How these gentry, the political and financial Quacks, now revel and enjoy themselves! Here they have a patient of consequence enough to employ them all. Here is a nation disordered, without knowing what is the matter of her. Her Physicians, after many and long consultations, prescribed her the bitter dose of a Corn-Bill, which they were actually compelled to make her swallow by force. A year's experience has shown, that this remedy is so far from effectual, that she has, ever since she was drenched with it, been growing worse and worse*; and, as is always the case, the Quacks are now com-

ing forth, each with his phial in his hand, to apply their *simple remedies*.

One of these dealers in "simples" has made his application through this Register. He uses the signature of F., and, his last letter (see page 118), he dates from *Paris*, on the 21st of October. This gentleman, who, being anonymous as a writer, cannot complain if I make very free with his nostrums, professes to shew, that the vast accumulation of debt and the consequent enormous amount of taxes do not at all tend to injure the nation. He insists that the debt and the taxes are *good things*. He calls the debt so much riches acquired by the nation. He says, that if it were ten times as great as it is, we should be ten times as rich as we are. But, in addition to all this, he was so unfortunate as to say, that he would point out an *effectual remedy for the present distresses of agriculture and trade*.

This, if you did me and him the honour to read his letters, must have been very consoling to you; for, I will venture to say, that you and Lord Liverpool, and George Rose and Dr. Beeke, and Mr. Chalmers, with all your heads laid together, do not know of any means of enabling the farmers to pay their rent and taxes other than that of sending forth new bales of paper-money, so as to raise the guinea to be worth 30s. or 33s. On the morning of Weyhill sheep-fair, I was coming home through WHITCHURCH, where, as you know, is the *Mill* at which the Thread-needle-street Bank Paper is made. I met a farmer going to the fair with a flock of very beautiful South-Down Ewes. "Very handsome, farmer—What will they go at?"—"About a pound. It's giving them away. Sold the same stock last year for 30 shillings."—"What is the reason of it, farmer?"—"I don't know, Sir; but nobody has got any money."—"That must be your fault, I think, in this neighbourhood."—"Why so, Sir?"—"Why? That mill there makes money for the whole nation. If I were you I would go to Mr. PORTAL, tell him my case and that of my neighbours; and, I dare say, that he and his

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* We have, what are called, *Agricultural Reports* published, at the end of every month, in the newspapers. The following is an extract from the Report for last month, which I have taken from the *Times* newspaper:—"Monthly Report for October. The continuing declension in the prices of Bread, Corn, and other grain, is operating so generally against tillage husbandry, that its consequences are likely to extend from individual to considerable national distress. The accounts from every district, of the numerous farms being abandoned by the tenants in an uncultivated state, must so far diminish our produce of grain, as to render it doubtful whether, a short time hence, we may be able to raise a sufficiency, from our own soil, for our own consumption. Though exportations have taken place of the foreign wheats, which government permitted to be brought in, to such an impolitic excess, a bulk of it still remains to depress the agricultural interest of the British dominions, so that it may be found difficult to apply any saving REMEDY for a calamity so extensive and disastrous.

“employers would, in the course of a week, or ten days at farthest, make those pretty creatures worth 40s. or 50s. each, instead of 20s.”—He stared hard at me and my horse from head to foot; tried to work his features into a sort of a smile; went on after his flock, but could not help looking back at me now and then, till the winding of the road put us out of sight of each other. I dare say his noddle was shaken. A gleam of light would, in all likelihood, find its way through the jumble of notions that made up the furniture of his skull. He would tell his wife and son of it at night, and they would get, in the end, at something like a rough sketch of the thing. If one had the use of all the pulpits in the nation for only a *single hour*, how clearly might this mysterious matter be explained! At the end of that hour, I would set deception at defiance, though aided by the natural gullibility of the people, and by a press the most powerful and most prostituted that ever was known in the world.

But, to return to Mr. F.'s REMEDY, (for having kept you so long from which demands an apology, especially when I consider the state of anxious expectation you must naturally be in) you will see, that it has, at least, *simplicity* to recommend it; and, what will not please you less, the government has no need to meddle with the application. I will give you his *remedy* in his own words; first observing, however, that I had expressly called upon him for his remedy, he having, in his first letter, so boldly asserted, that he had a remedy at hand. I, you will please to bear in mind, had, in my Letters to Lord Sheffield, ascribed the distress of agriculture to the *taxes and paper-money*, and had proved, as I thought, that these being the *cause* of the distress, it was something to be done *with them* that the remedy must consist of. No, said he; for the farmers *have* flourished under these same taxes; and, *therefore*, it cannot be that the taxes are the cause of their present distress. They *have* flourished amidst bales of paper-money; and, therefore, it cannot be the paper-money that now produces their ruin and the ruin of the tradesmen, dependent on rents and profits of agriculture. He forgot, that a paper-system enabled those who were at the head of it to cause any fall or any rise that they pleased in prices. However, he laughed

at me, said he knew the *real cause* of the distress of agriculture, and that he had a *complete remedy* in his pocket. I, therefore, called upon him for his remedy. I could not imagine what it could be; but, I have got it, and I now do myself the honour to lay it before you. I will not apologize for the length of the extract, seeing that you must be anxious to possess this valuable recipe in ample detail.

“Now the question is, how are we to prevent these *occasional* checks, and particularly such as the one we are now labouring under; *how are we to keep our agriculture constantly prosperous*. This I apprehend we can only do by securing to the farmer a *fair price*, at all times, for his grain; in other words, such a price as shall *always* leave him a reasonable profit; without this he will not *always* be disposed to extend or keep up his culture, and with it he will. Now there can be no doubt, that the human race is disposed to increase on the *average* faster in most countries, at least, than the supply of subsistence can be increased. But it is the tendency of population to increase *regularly*; and owing to the uncertainty of the seasons only, if nothing else prevented the increase and supply of subsistence, cannot be made regular. This year the crop perhaps may not be equal to more than half the consumption; the two following years, it may be almost double the demand for each of them. In consequence of this, and *some other circumstances*, such is the change which has just taken place with respect to our commercial connections with the rest of Europe, and knowing or *believing* that we can depend on a supply of grain from abroad, in case of a deficiency at home; owing, too, to the cessation of the war, and of the large demands for grain for the army and navy, &c. &c. the public opinion and feeling have been brought to such a state, with respect to the amount of demand and supply, and the relative price of grain, that nothing could be more ruinous to the farmer, than an abundant crop for a year or two in succession. Notwithstanding the smallness of the crop of this year, grain is now selling for much less than it has cost to grow it. This is AN EVIL, which, in time, WILL REMEDY IT-SELF, perhaps, but not before it has

“done great mischief. The establishment
 “of *public granaries*, for the purchasing of
 “grain *by government*, in plentiful seasons,
 “and storing it against a time of scarcity,
 “would, in all probability, *completely*
 “*counteract the evil*. But this even is not
 “absolutely indispensable.—*The farmer*
 “*himself may always obtain a fair price*
 “*for his grain*. He is, perhaps, the only
 “tradesman, who can at all times com-
 “mand an adequate price for his commo-
 “dity, and it is for his *grain* alone that he
 “can do it. If fodder and herbage be scarce,
 “the farmer is obliged to part with his cat-
 “tle at such a price as he can get:—he has
 “not enough for them to eat, but corn
 “eats nothing itself, and there is no sub-
 “stitute to be found for grain, for the
 “food of the great mass of society. The
 “demand for it, too, is so great and in-
 “cessant that a *determination not to part*
 “*with it for less than a fair price, could*
 “*not fail in three weeks or a month at*
 “*most, to bring it to a fair price*. It is
 “the interest of every part of the com-
 “munity—of that of the manufacturer as
 “well as the farmer himself, that this
 “should be the case. How can manu-
 “factures for the home trade prosper
 “if the farmer and his connections, that
 “are to wear and use them, are not
 “thriving and prosperous? How can
 “manufactures for foreign consumption
 “prosper, if the farmer and his connec-
 “tions, who must consume the greater
 “part of the articles for which they are
 “exchanged, be poor and unable to pur-
 “chase them? Besides, if this were not
 “so, the difference between a fair and
 “what would be a ruinous price for his
 “grain to the farmer, will make no per-
 “ceptible difference in the price of our
 “exports; nay, in consequence of the
 “effect which the greater demand for
 “foreign produce would have on the
 “foreign exchanges, a fair price for
 “growing grain, and the prosperity of
 “the farmer, would be absolutely bene-
 “ficial to the manufacturer for foreign
 “consumption. But, in short, and be
 “this as it may, the farmer *may* obtain a
 “fair price for his grain *if he chooses*, and
 “he cannot obtain more *in reality*, be-
 “cause, were he to attempt it, he would
 “run the amount of his expenditure as
 “he had ran the price of his grain above
 “a fair price. With respect to his own
 “interests, therefore, he is a *fool* if he

“do not obtain a fair price, and with
 “respect to those of the country, he is
 “*little better than a traitor* if he do not.
 “It appears to me, too, that the same de-
 “scription of character will apply very
 “well to all such as shall wish the farmer
 “to sell his grain for less than it costs him,
 “or that he should not make a determi-
 “nation, absolutely necessary, no less for
 “the public interest than for his own.
 “THE REMEDY, then, for the difficul-
 “ties which the farmer suffers, as well as
 “the evils which threaten the safety and
 “interests of the country, appears to be
 “SIMPLE and *easy of application*. All
 “that remains is, for the farmer *to apply*
 “*it*; and supposing that he does so, let
 “us just take a cursory view of what will
 “probably be the consequence. Assured
 “and confident that he shall obtain a price
 “allowing a reasonable profit for his pro-
 “duce, the farmer will not hesitate to ex-
 “tend his culture. To effect this, an in-
 “creased agricultural population will be
 “necessary. To supply them with imple-
 “ments and clothes, &c. an additional num-
 “ber of blacksmiths, carpenters, wheel-
 “wrights, tanners, harness-makers, shoe-
 “makers, tailors, hatters, shopkeepers,
 “grocers, &c. will be wanted also. Then
 “will follow the parsons, to take care of
 “the souls of the new population; the
 “physicians and surgeons of their bodies,
 “and the lawyers and attornies of their
 “property. The man of letters, too, and
 “the printer will be wanted, to supply
 “them with literary instruction and en-
 “tertainment, and the player with spec-
 “tacle and amusement. Room also will
 “be found for a new set of idlers, as well
 “as unproductive labourers of every des-
 “cription, *and for manufacturers to clothe*
 “*them all*. In short, so long as you can
 “and do extend your culture, and keep
 “increasing the means of subsistence, so
 “long will you make fresh elbow-room
 “for every class of society. But as soon
 “as you cease to do this, so soon will so-
 “ciety begin to feel crowded and uncom-
 “fortable. Where the paper-money sys-
 “tem has been fairly established, capital
 “can never be wanting, neither generally
 “nor individually, to carry on improve-
 “ment. If an individual have laid out
 “all his capital in reducing waste land to
 “culture, or in a manufacturing establish-
 “ment, he would be entitled to and obtain
 “credit with his banker, and with his sel-

"low-tradesmen, for the full amount of his disbursement in this way. In short, *let but the farmer demand, and he will obtain a fair price for his grain, and then there will, I am persuaded, be nothing to prevent the progress of our country in wealth and improvement, so long at least as it is capable of being improved.*"

Now, Sir, are you not much obliged to me for making known this admirable "*remedy*?" Here is all embarrassment done away at once. Are you not made happy by this discovery? The farmer has nothing to do but to *demand* in order to *receive*. "*Knock, and it shall be opened unto you: ask, and you shall find.*" Little as I *expected* from the discoveries of my correspondent, he really has fallen short even of that little; and, though I cannot say, that he has very much surprised me, I dare say he has quite astonished some of my readers, who, from the bold manner, in which he promised, would naturally expect something that would be, at least, ingenious and plausible. Could they possibly have supposed, that his remedy would consist of a recommendation to the farmers to *demand a fair price; to resolve to have a fair price;* and of calling them *fools* and almost *traitors*, if they did not make such demand and form such resolution?

Let me, however, if I can, have the patience to show, in its true light, the absurdity of these notions. You see, Sir, how he has entangled himself. Deceived by a false glare, this gentleman, who is a man of talents and an enemy of war and bloodshed and slavery and corruption, has become the partizan of those things which have been the main supporters of these scourges of mankind; namely, National Debts and Paper-money. He appears to have formed a theory in their favour, and to have dressed up some pretty paradoxes out of that theory. But, these are hardly dry from the press, when the ruin of Agriculture stares him in the face, and asks him, *is this prosperity?* *Is this the happy effects of your enriching system?* Nettled at this question, which I thrust home upon him in a way not to be easily turned aside, he now answers, that the farmers are *fools* and *half-traitors* if they do not obtain a fair price *by force;* by forming a *resolution to have it;* and he adds, that this "*remedy is simple, and easy of appli-*

cation!" Is it possible to be serious while remarking on such notions?

To be sure, Sir, we farmers are men very careless of our interests. We are persons very backward at *asking enough*. Farmers are quite simpletons, who will take almost any thing that any body will give them. They never make any inquiries about how much can be got at one place more than at another. They never refuse to sell to-day for less than they might have had yesterday. They never haggle, no not they, about a half-penny in twenty shillings. They never expend ten shillings in horse-flesh, or shoe-leather, or time, in order to get half a crown in price. They never, after drinking ten grogs over a deal, split a difference to the amount of a shilling. They never, after hearing from their neighbour that he is going to buy a flock of sheep, for instance, go quietly home, saddle their horse, and make the purchase in his stead, leaving him to enjoy the mental benefit of his disappointment, and the bodily benefit of his journey. No: they do none of these things. They are a simple, easy race of men, that know, poor fellows, very little about getting money, and still less about holding it fast after they have got it. They are so frank too! They tell all the world how much they give for their land, and how much they make by it. If they have a good bargain in their farm, they never attempt to disguise it from their landlord. They never assume a poor mouth while they are hoarding up money. If selling you a horse that has a latent disease, they are sure to apprise you of it; and, if you happen to offer them, through ignorance, more for any thing than the thing is worth, they never fail to refuse to take it, and to endeavour to enlighten you on the subject. They never sell a cow with a bastard calf by her side. They never co-operate with the butchers in killing a pig, or a sheep, to save its life. They have no foresight; no thought for the morrow. And, then, they are so totally divested of all pride. They never, happening to be Churchwarden, white-wash the Church during the year, in order to have the deed recorded for the purpose of sticking their names in the record over the Church door, that all mankind may be sensible of their consequence. High-spirited, as well as simple in their manners, they never, no

not they, lick the dirt off the boots of their Landlord, affect to relish the wit of his steward, and to admire the beauty of her Ladyship and of his Honour's children, while they are, if their purse be full, insolent towards all the rest of the world. But, the characteristic, by which they are distinguished, more than by any other, is that with which we set out; namely, a shyness, or backwardness, a sort of silly conscientious scrupulousness, which prevents us from asking as much for any thing as the thing is worth.

But, still, wheat did sell for 25s. a bushel, and barley for 20s. not many years ago; and that, too, notwithstanding this silly conscientiousness. Now, whether the 25s. were "*demanded*" by the farmers, or whether that price was *offered* them, I will leave my correspondent to decide; but, certain it is, that they *took* it. That is to say, they took all that they could get, and so, I assure him, we do now. What a strange idea; that the farmers are able to *force a price*! to *compel* people to give them a certain sum for their grain! What a barbarous notion, to suppose that all the farmers in the country would be able to *agree* and to co-operate in this way, or in any other way, and that too, without any law to bind them; a notion that would have been thought absurd, even in the ages of the thickest darkness!

If it were *ask and have*, as this gentleman supposes, does he think, that the yeomanry cavalry gentry would not still trample on the Jacobins and the old women and boys? Does he think, that they would, with piping tone, call for a "mug of mild ale," instead of the dozens of bottles of port that they called for, with Hector-like lungs, in good anti-jacobin times? They are now smarting for their deeds of those days. They, more than any other people in the country, even more than Brooke Watson's Mansion-house subscribers, were the cause of the war against the French Republic, and of the continued prosecution of that war. The army and navy have been crowded with their sons and dependents. They drew forth their swords to destroy all who opposed that war. The war is over, and they are paying the cost of it, while the paper money has been so managed as to reduce their means more, a great deal more, than one-half.

"*Resolve!*" How are they to resolve to have a *fair price*? And who is to say *what is* a fair price? Have they not been resolving to their utmost? Have they not been keeping, and do they not always keep, and ought they not always to keep, their grain till their interest dictates them to sell it? Are there not many who *must* sell as soon as they house, to pay taxes, labour, debts, &c. Could the farmers of one single parish possibly form a non-selling association that would hold together for a week? How, then, is this to be done by all the farmers in these islands? If any one were able to embody such a corps, it would be, perhaps, Mr. Benett (whose name the printer spelled wrong last week); and he, instead of thinking such a scheme practicable, threatened to go and live in France, unless wheat sold dearer than 8 or 9s. a bushel, and now it sells for less than 6s. 6d. If he be in despair; if such a man resorts to an attack on *tythes*, as making part of the evil, how are you to expect any combinations, any determinations, any force, of the kind my correspondent talks of? The people in Wiltshire laugh in the face of Mr. Benett, when he threatens to go to France; and so would all the people laugh, if all the farmers were as silly as he. "Go to France! Go hang yourselves; and then go to the devil," would they say, if we were empty enough to hold such language. The truth is, the farmers were the great pillars of Pitt and his system. They drew their swords for him, for Addington, for Pitt again, for Perceval. They were the loudest, the most hardened, and the most brutal of all the enemies of freedom in England. Whatever was to be done, there were they ready with their helmets and sabres. They were the principal cause of that debt and of those everlasting taxes that now press them to the earth; that now almost literally squeeze them down into their own dunghills.

Pity it is, that they cannot *suffer alone*; but, and here my correspondent is perfectly correct, they cannot feel a blow, though it be ever so trifling, which is not felt by every other class of the community. If the cultivator of the land be ruined, so must the owner, so must the tradesman, so must the manufacturer, and so must every one, *who receives nothing out of the taxes*. Those whose

incomes, in whatever shape, are derived from the taxes, are now in a flourishing state. He who lent his money to the government six years, or only four years ago, now receives nearly ten per centum for that money; but, this can no more go on, than Botley Mill can go without the aid of the stream that runs down from Bishop's Waltham. The Miller, however much of a conjuror he may be, cannot give motion to the wheel without water; nor can you, though as clever a man, perhaps, in your way, as our Miller is in his way, satisfy the demands of the fundholders, and of the army and navy, and place-men and pensioners, and judges and royal family, unless the taxes, to a sufficient amount can be collected; and this never can be done, for another two years, unless wheat be double its present price. To double the price, paper-money must come out 'till the total quantity of it in circulation equals what it was some years ago; and, the moment the paper comes out again to this amount, down comes its value, and up goes the exchange in favour of other countries.

Thus you are, Sir, in what we country people call a *cleft-stick*, and, if you ever had your finger in that situation, you need nothing more to convince you of the aptness of the figure. You are squeezed from both sides by a force so equal, and you are so completely incapable of obtaining relief either by pulling or by thrusting, that it requires but a slight effort of the imagination to transform your Chancellorship into an unfortunate finger. Your predicament is, in the history of your system, a perfect novelty. The abundance of the paper money, its constantly increasing quantity, has always, 'till of late, been the threatening evil. But, now, the evil presses equally from the other side. The abundance of the paper money, though it ruined many people, caused the farmers, landlords, and active traders to flourish. It raised prices and caused discontent amongst the miserable; but, what were their mutinies? They were soon put down. All that stirred were *quelled*. Now, there is nobody to quell. The poor are pleased. They approve of all your doings. But, unfortunately, the poor do not pay the taxes. Loyal souls as they are, paupers, gipseys and all, their *will* is good towards the state; but they have

not the means. The farmers would pay too, if they could. They would grumble, curse, cry, and pay; but, their money is gone; or, rather, it does not come. It is useless to threaten them. They do not resist, and are not disposed to resist. Exchequer writs they may receive; but Exchequer writs cannot create the means to pay. It is a submissive, passive description of persons, who now smart. The time of suffering for others is gone by; and, if they do share a little with the rest, their satisfaction at seeing the result verify their predictions, and making those feel who never felt before, is much more than an ample compensation for their share of the suffering. Oh! how the Loyal Yeomanry Cavalry threatened the Jacobins! What bloody oaths they swore against the enemies of the war. How they admired the speeches of Pitt and the pamphlets of John Bowles! Well, they may read all these now, if they like, and what will suit them very well, at a cheap rate. Loyal pamphlets and even songs will, however, not tend to make money more plenty; nor will they assist you, Sir, in affording the "*remedy*," of which I shall treat in my next letter.—I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

WM. COBBETT.

SUMMARY OF POLITICS;

OR,

NOTICES FOR HISTORY.

SPAIN.—It was only two weeks ago, that I said that nothing favourable was to be expected from the late change of the ministers of the *beloved* Ferdinand. The priests have him fast; he was always in their clutches; and though they may, as they do when they set him to fringe a petticoat for the holy virgin, give him a change of *men*, to amuse his *royal mind*, they know better than to change their *measures*. No, no; the *beloved* Ferdinand is a *Monk*, and you must *re-make* the man before you can divest him of his monkish habits.—In the *Times* of the 20th ult. we were told, by the jesuitical writer of that paper, that King Ferdinand had "determined on extricating himself from the counsels of servility and intolerance."—I said that I did not believe this; that, in fact, it could not be true. I might also have said, that I did not believe

the Times writer to be *sincere* when he made the assertion. It now appears, that I was right in the opinion which I had formed of Ferdinand, and that I would have been equally so as to the sincerity of the asserter. The change made by Ferdinand is *now* spoken of by this servile writer, as a *curse* rather than a *blessing*. In his paper of the 1st instant, after pronouncing a high eulogium on the Prince Regent, for not giving our new kingdom of Hanover a *new* constitution, but holding to that which is "ancient," this preacher of gothic and feudal systems launches out in the following abusive strain against his *beloved* Ferdinand:—"Let the ancient rights be preserved, because they have become sacred and venerable by prescription; but let us not reject that which may tend to their improvement, or may adapt their exercise to the circumstances of the times. What a horrid contrast to this is presented, in another part of Europe, in a country anciently free, but which is now deprived of its national representation, and where, to complete the picture of moral degradation, the person in actual possession of the chief power of the state, issues a positive order, that the forms of judicial proceedings in criminal prosecutions shall be violated! In all civilised nations those forms are sacred. Where the law has given an appeal, no lawful power can prohibit the aggrieved party from appealing. An attempt to do so, according to every authentic writer on such subjects, is an act of treason, or of tyranny, an act naturally enough to be expected from the being who could submit to the degradations of Bayonne and Valency! It is a curious observation that despotism, as it were instinctively, adapts the same habits, whether in a democratic or a monarchical shape. Never was it heard, that the judges were restricted to a certain time, for getting through trials of life and death, before the establishment of the revolutionary commissions in France. Then it was adopted, under the pretence of humanity. So we find in the decree alluded to, "it is my pleasure, that, in order that these criminals may not suffer too much, all the prosecutions be finished within the period of six weeks or two months at farthest." May it not be said that tyranny in all ages is the same?"—Softly,

Mr. Editor; this reasoning is all very fine and very fair; but had you no hand in restoring the *beloved* Ferdinand, to play the tyrant and the despot? Did you not recommend his restoration, even without any restriction, limitation, or condition, as essential and necessary to the "return of social order?" and did you not say a thousand times over, that Napoleon ought to have been *hanged*, even had he done no more than prevent the restoration of the *beloved* Ferdinand?—Now you have got him back; now is your *pious* king delivered from the dread of Napoleon. How base, then, is it thus to abuse the idol, which you so long worshipped, and exhorted others to worship. It was you that set him up. You must have been well acquainted with his merits; you must have known whether his talents fitted him for a throne, or you must not. If you did know; if you was aware, that he was that contemptible, despotic tyrant, which you now describe him to be, how came you to espouse his cause; upon what principle of justice did you recommend the butchery of all those who opposed his restoration? If you knew nothing of his character and principles; if you recommended to a throne a man of whose fitness and conduct you was totally ignorant, you are as much to be reprehended for your conduct as if you had, as it now appears you have, espoused the cause of the most decided enemy of truth and justice. But why talk to you of truth and justice. Your motto is deception and blood. It is by these the cause you advocate is supported. Without them you would neither have a name nor a place in society. Away, then, with your abuse of a man who is doing every thing in his power to promote your system. You ought rather to hug him to your bosom. You are unceasingly praising the "ancient constitution," the "venerable institutions" of our fathers. Well, then, the *beloved* Ferdinand is restoring them with all his might. What would you have more? It is true, the greater part of these "ancient and venerable constitutions" are written *in blood*, and the present generation has not been left to die without witnessing their application. But this was all necessary. "Social Order" might have bid adieu to Europe. She might have sought protection amongst "American savages." She never, I am sure, would have secured a footing here,

had not the *beloved* Ferdinand of Spain, the *pious* Ferdinand of Naples, and Louis *le désiré*, been restored to their thrones, and full play given to the operation of the "ancient and venerable institutions." There would have been no "Glory" for John Bull, and our posterity would have been deprived of the immense pleasure of paying the interest of one thousand millions of national debt, had these great events not been accomplished.—

DECREE.

In order that the business of my councils may suffer no delay from the want of the Ministers whom I thought proper to nominate for the *Commission of State*, created to decide all prosecutions, grounded on the occurrences of the unfortunate by-past period, I order that the said Ministers who compose it, cease their functions, and that each unite himself to that Chamber of Council to which he belongs; and I appoint in their stead, as Judges of the said Commission, the Alcaldes of my Household and Court, Don Francisco Xavier Vazques Varela, and Don José Alonzo Valdenebro, under the Presidency of my Captain-General of this Province, exonerating them from attendance in the Chamber of Alcaldes during the time they shall remain in this Commission. And to give an unequivocal proof of the benignity of my heart towards the unhappy fate of all those under trial and their families, notwithstanding the penalties which they have incurred by Law 2d, tit. 1, lib. 3, Law 1st. tit. 7, and Law 5th. tit. 11, lib. 12, of the *Novísima Recopilación*: I order that, taking into consideration the long imprisonment they have undergone, they be treated with all the consideration that may be compatible with the due administration of justice, imposing on those who shall appear really guilty the penalties of banishment, privation of employments, and fines corresponding to the quality, weight, and circumstances of the crimes and abuses which they may have committed in their political conduct; and if any turn out to be innocent, that they be forthwith set at liberty. I order, in like manner, that, upon those who shall be convicted of having been the chief heads of the combinations which were formed to destroy my monarchy, openly attacking the rights of my sovereignty, and wounding my royal reputation, be inflicted the punishment which they have

incurred by their crimes, according to the laws of the kingdom; consulting me in such cases, through the medium of my Captain-general, as President, by addressing to me directly, the sentences which they shall pronounce, before making them public, for my sovereign resolution thereon. In like manner, I order, that upon their meriting my royal approbation, *no resort of appeal* shall be admitted from it, unless I think fit to determine otherwise; and it is also my *pleasure* that, in order that these criminals may not suffer too much, all the prosecutions be finished within the period of *six weeks or two months*, at the farthest, reckoning from the day on which the commission is installed.

FERDINAND.

Madrid, Oct. 10, 1815.

FRANCE.—It is said, that *every thing* has been *settled* in France, and that Lord Castlereagh is coming home, because he has now nothing to do at Paris. The *Courier* of last night has prepared the public for his Lordship's arrival, by the following high-seasoned compliment:—

"The victories of the diplomatist are less calculated we know to strike and dazzle the great mass of the people than victories in the field; but surely the return of no man to his country ever deserved to be welcomed with more public honours, with more decided marks of popular and general gratitude, than the return of Lord Castlereagh. He has had a prominent share in two treaties, which have done the greatest honour to Great Britain. In the first, we carried magnanimity and liberality to the utmost possible extent. We afforded those who had been our enemies an opportunity of redeeming their character, and of atoning in part for the evils they had inflicted. The opportunity was neglected, the magnanimity was found to be misplaced, the liberality unmerited; justice, therefore, demanded that punishment should be inflicted on the guilty nation; but even in punishment we remembered mercy, and those who might have dictated conditions the most hard and humiliating, contented themselves with depriving the guilty of the power to carry on their nefarious practices." I question much whether the people of France are disposed to subscribe to what is here said about our *magnanimity* and *liberality*. I should rather think, that

they would have been better pleased if they had never seen Lord Castlereagh; or if he had confined the exercise of his magnanimity and liberality to the country which gave him birth. As to *mercy*, we have nothing to boast of on that score. The French armies when they were in possession of Vienna, of Berlin, of Madrid, of Naples, of Rome, of Amsterdam, &c. under the immortal Napoleon, were, *at least*, as merciful as we, or any of the allies have been since they entered France. If our own newspapers are to be believed, the French armies were much more merciful. If Napoleon, when he had the power, had conducted himself towards the allied sovereigns in the same way that they have treated him, his fate would have been very different from what it now is. But *mercy*, it seems, is an attribute which was left to Napoleon alone to exemplify. Those, however, who are disposed to believe all that the *Courier* tells them about the magnanimity, liberality, and mercy, which have been shewn to the French, would do well to peruse the following speech of Lanjuinais. In it they will find a development of the *merciful* measures which have been adopted under that "*paternal*" government which Lord Castlereagh has been so active in restoring in France:—

**SPEECH OF THE COUNT DE LANJUINAIS,
ON THE LAW CONCERNING THE MEASURE
OF SAFETY AGAINST THOSE AC-
CUSED OF SEDITION, IN THE SITTING
OF THE CHAMBER OF PEERS, OCTOBER
26, 1815.**

Messieurs,—In ascending this Tribune I experience two sentiments extremely painful, grief and astonishment—grief, to behold so disastrous a law proposed under the government of the best of Kings; astonishment, to say the least of it, at hearing those who propose it declare, in the onset, that it can be objected to only by hypocrites, by the factious, by the accomplices of the guilty, and by the partisans of a sanguinary despotism. Never, during a year which I dare not recal, were permitted ebullitions of oratorical fury more dreadful. Is there, in fact, a necessity for any extraordinary measure? Is the law which has been proposed to us so necessary, so indispensable? It certainly is not. In fact, do the Ministers omit any arrest when they think the public safety requires it? Is there a single department

where they have had any scruples upon this head? No. They assume, as they confess, all the responsibility of the matter. In truth, no man who reasons, can accuse them of this as a crime, and nothing can mitigate the zeal or the obedience of their agents. Did ever any Prefect refuse to execute their most dreadful measures? Prefects and Sub-Prefects are not, in this respect, amenable, except to them, the Ministers, or to the Council of State; and they, the Ministers, are responsible to no one, since there is no law respecting their responsibility; for during 18 months this important measure has not been agitated.

There can be no crime or punishment without a law, which previously defines and determines it. Where then is the necessity of the law? But what is not problematical in their danger. I shall return to this point when I have explained what it is. I cannot find any object of comparison, in these latter times, except the law relating to suspected persons which passed in 1793, and the imprisonments executed in a neighbouring kingdom by a Committee of Safety, whose too tardy destruction has excited the acclamations and the joyful transports of the whole people.—(The Speaker was interrupted by cries of *Order, Order*.)—The Duke de St. Aignan insisted upon calling him to order.—The Speaker replied—Explain yourself; I have said nothing but the truth; I decline however, repeating it, since it is unpleasant.—Here are my proofs as to the inconvenience and extreme impolicy of the proposition. Some hundreds of thousands of police officers may, according to the project, arrest for crimes of state; and *the simple fact of the arrest authorises the government to keep the individuals in prison indefinitely for one year, eighteen months or many years, without any necessity of bringing them to trial*. Suppose only one arrest to be executed by each officer, a million of Frenchmen may thus be detained in arbitrary confinement; where would you find prisons to put them?—Yes, they are suspected, or if you will, inculpated according to the penal code; suspected, for they are not even *prevenus*, though called such; the great as well as the small *prevention* can be constituted only by the judges. Such is our criminal code, formed under a tyranny, and for a tyranny.

It is said that nothing is changed as to the competency of those who issue the

mandats; but every thing is changed, because there are now only the *mandats* of appearance, and no longer those of arrest, which cannot be issued except by a Judge, and which alone contains the imputed crime, and cites the law that punishes it; because there is no longer a judgment which declares the suspicious sufficiently established, nor the consequent ordinance for taking the body of the offender. Your law, therefore, will only produce detained persons, and not reach those who are justly suspected. It is demanded that those shall not be tried; then they are, in fact, like those of the celebrated year, and I could easily prove that the suspected of 1793 had more resources than those of 1815 for redress. This is not all. It is proposed to apply to these persons the penalty of placing them under the inspection of the high police; that is, *to send them to reside four hundred leagues, if they like, from their homes, or to keep them where they please, if they have not the means of providing bail.* These are what you call suspected, And to what amount? Equal to that of the men who have the initiative of each measure. In what places? Throughout the whole kingdom, without excepting a single department. For what time? For six months, a year, or many years.

What fatal consequences must ensue to the individuals, ruined in their circumstances, accused by their debtors, or their servants, or by the subornation of their wives or daughters—and where will all this stop? Will there not be conspiracies in the prisons? After the experience we have had who will venture to say that a new second of September may not arrive?—Thus the ruin of individuals and of families would be completed. What shall I say of the Government, of the Ministers, of the Chambers? Where are they, the Authorities who sanction this measure? Where are they who sanctioned a similar one in that fatal year? An indelible stain is affixed to their names, and the reprobation that has fallen upon them is irrevocable. Lastly, while the suspected are groaning in prisons, far from their families and from their business, who will pay the taxes? Who will support the charges of the State? What terror! What irremediable stagnation of commerce and trade in the political body, which is already so languid! Forgive me these in-

dications. I cannot forget that my mother and my sister, my brother and my daughter, were suspected, and likely to perish, because I then, as now, defended liberty and justice against the fury of the passions. Mention has been made of the suspected in ancient Rome, by virtue of the *Caveant Consules*.—When these school-boy citations are made, we should at least remember what we have learned at school.—There was no prison among the Romans; the suspected of the Dictators and Consuls, armed with the fearful formula, were in the custody of their friends; they breathed a pure air in their gardens; they sat at their own table; they enjoyed all the conveniences of life. Cicero caused to be destroyed in a temple, by an act of the state, the accomplices of Cataline, but he paid for that irregularity by a memorable exile, and he saved his country! In England, when the Habeas Corpus is suspended, there are not 800,000 persons possessing a discretionary power to arrest. I demand that this law be rejected, as being neither necessary nor tolerable. If it must be absolutely had, I am ready to concur in any wise measures for the moderate limitation of individual liberty. Above all, I demand that certain tranquil and peaceable departments be excepted from the law, without which it would become an unmerited satire upon the Government, and an invitation to new attempts of boldness on the part of strangers. Take two months to examine a man, to discover the ramifications of his plots; but at least, after two months, surrender him to ordinary justice; grant others temperately, without which the law would be only a suspension of humanity.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Mr. COBBETT,—The able manner in which you have so frequently exposed the pernicious consequences, flowing from the admixture of religion with politics, might be supposed to render unnecessary any further remarks on this subject. But when, notwithstanding that exposure, we still witness the terrible effects of superstition, still behold the triumphant reign of fanaticism, and see the blood of the patriot and of the brave flow at the nod of a set of wretches, who arrogate a controul over the consciences of men. When, I say, almost every day affords us examples of

the prevalence of this terrible evil, it would, in my opinion, be highly criminal, on the part of the friends of truth and liberty, to relax in their endeavours to root up this desolating system, and to restore to mankind their long lost rights. It was only the other day, that the predominance of superstition in Spain occasioned the sacrifice of the unfortunate Porlier. A few weeks previous, Labedoyere was shot in France. Now, we are told, that the tribunals of Naples have terminated the life of the late sovereign of that country. It does not appear that the engine employed to accomplish the death of Labedoyere, had any immediate connection with religion: but it seems somewhat remarkable, that while the priests of Spain were chaunting *Te Deum*, to commemorate the deliverance into their hands of a man whom they considered their greatest enemy, their brethren in France, who possess the very same religion, and observe exactly the same form of worship, were saying masses for the soul of another man, who was as much an enemy to their system as the ill-fated Porlier.—A writer in the *Times* of the 1st inst. who dates his letter from Paris, says: "It is undoubtedly true, that the King sent the sum of six hundred francs to each of the principal churches at Paris, to purchase masses for the soul of Labedoyere!"—Ah, Mr. Cobbett, this religion, which the Bourbons profess, which, its priests tell us, is *the same* in all countries and in all ages, appears too accommodating for thinking beings. It has been my fate, perhaps my misfortune, to think, and my mind tells me that Porlier was not more guilty than Labedoyere. The one had reared the standard of revolt against his sovereign; the other had done no more. In a political view, they both suffered the same sort of punishment; but, in a *religious*, we find nothing but joy and exultation of the priests, nothing but praises to the God of Mercies, for the death of the one victim, while the other seems to have been so much the object of universal regret, that the King, the highest personage in the state, gives large sums to a portion of the priests of the same religion, to say masses for his soul. By and bye, we shall see how the priests of his Neapolitan Majesty will act respecting the soul of King Murat. The writer of the *Times* says, that "the Neapolitans

"are not quite so nice in questions of treason as the French."—He ought rather to have said, that the interest of priestcraft is so great in Naples as to render all ceremony unnecessary. It is scarcely necessary to do more there, or in Spain, than to excite *suspicion*, to become an object of clerical vengeance. But all this comes of *connecting religion with politics*; of giving to men, whose professions are altogether *spiritual*, a *political* influence in the state. To attempt a mere sketch of the mischievous effects which this has produced, would be to write a volume. The history of almost every country demonstrates this melancholy truth, that where superstition predominates in a nation, there vice is nourished, there the despot, taught by his spiritual guides that he is a god, tramples with impunity upon the most sacred rights of humanity.—To illustrate this subject a little further, and much better than I can do, I take the liberty of inclosing an extract from a work, very little known in this country, which I hope, will be thought deserving a place in the Political Register. It is from the pen of *Boulanger*, who was an *Engineer* in the French service, under the *ancient* regime, and who, though a *soldier*, has written more upon the subject of theology than any priest alive. Whether he has written *better*, it remains for you and your numerous readers to determine.

Your's, &c.

AN ENEMY TO SUPERSTITION.

POLITICAL EFFECTS OF ESTABLISHED RELIGIONS.

After having seen the inutility and even danger of the perfections, virtues, and duties proposed by established religions, let us enquire whether its *political* influences be more happy, and whether it can in reality promote the welfare of a nation among whom it is established and faithfully observed. We at once find, that wherever it is admitted, two opposite legislations, even at variance with each other, establish themselves. Although this religion preaches love and peace, it soon annihilates the effects of those precepts by the divisions which it necessarily sows among its sectaries, who unavoidably interpret differently the ambiguous oracles announced in holy writ. We find that from the infancy of religion the most acrimonious disputes have continually

taken place among divines. The successive ages of religion have been stained with schisms, heresies, persecutions, and contests, widely discordant from its boasted spirit of peace and concord. In all religious disputes, each party believes that God is on its side, and consequently they are obstinate. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when they confound *the cause of God* with that of their own vanity? Thus mutually averse to concession, they quarrel and fight until force has decided a contest in which they never appeal to reason. Political authorities have ever been forced to interfere in all the dissensions which have arisen among Fanatics. Governments have always listened to the frivolous disputes of priests, and foolishly considered them as objects of the last importance. They have conceived, that in a religion established by God himself, there could be nothing of a trifling nature. Thus princes have armed themselves against their own subjects, whose opinions differed from their's. The way of thinking at court has decided the creed and faith of subjects. Opinions supported by kings and priests have been the only true ones. Their creatures have been the guardians of orthodoxy, and were commissioned to exterminate all whom they choose to denominate heretics and rebels. The prejudices of princes or their false policy, has caused them to consider those of their subjects who differ from themselves in religious opinions, as bad citizens, dangerous to the state, and enemies to their power. If, leaving to priests the business of finishing their own impertinent disputes, they had not assisted their quarrels and persecutions, they would have died away of themselves, and never have disturbed the peace of nations. If those kings had impartially recompensed the good, and punished the bad without regard to their worship, ceremonies, and speculative opinions, they would not have made many of their subjects such enemies to that power by which they found themselves oppressed. Fanatics have always attempted to reclaim heretics by injustice, violence, and persecution. Ought not they to have perceived that this conduct was calculated only to produce hypocrites and hidden enemies, or open rebellions?

But these reflections are not designed for princes, who, from their infancy, have been filled with fanaticism and prejudices.

They, instead of being actuated by virtuous motives, have formed obstinate attachments to frivolities, and impetuous ardour for doctrines foreign to the welfare of their states, and a boundless wrath against all who refuse to bend to their despotic opinions. Such sovereigns find it a shorter way to destroy mankind than reclaim them by mild means. Their haughty despotism will not condescend to reason. Religion assures them that tyranny is lawful, and cruelty meritorious, when they are employed in the cause of Heaven. Superstition always makes despots and tyrants of all the sovereigns whom it influences. It represents them as gods upon earth; it causes their very caprices to be respected as the will of Heaven itself. It delivers mankind into their hands as an herd of slaves, of whom they may dispose at their pleasure. In return for their zeal for religion, all the outrages upon justice that they can commit are forgiven, and their subjects are commanded under pain of the wrath of the Most High, to submit without a murmur to the sword that strikes instead of protecting them. It is not therefore matter of surprise that since the establishment of religion, we see so many nations groaning under devout tyrants, who, although obstinately devout, have been unjust, licentious and cruel. Whatever were the oppressions and ravages of these religious or hypocritical princes, the priests have not failed to preach submission to their subjects. On the other hand, let us not be surprised to see so many weak and wicked princes support the interest of a religion which their false policy judged necessary to the maintenance of their authority. If kings were enlightened, just and virtuous, and knew and practised their real duties, they would have had no need of the aid of superstition in governing nations. But, as it is more easy to conform to rites than to acquire talents or practise virtue, this religion has too often found in princes support for itself, and destruction for its enemies. The ministers of religion have not had the same complaisance for princes who refused to make a common cause with them, espouse their quarrels, and become subservient to their passions. They have arisen against those who have thwarted their views, punished their excesses, touched their immunities, endeavoured to subject them to reason, or re-

press their ambitious designs. The priests on such occasions, cry out, *Impiety! Sacrilege!* Then they pretend that the sovereign puts his hand to the censer, and usurps the rights granted them by God himself. Then they endeavour to excite nations to rebellion. They arm fanatics against sovereigns, whom they declare tyrants, for having been wanting in submission to the church. Heaven is always ready to revenge any injustice done to its ministers. They are themselves submissive, and preach submission to others, only when they are permitted to share the authority, or are too feeble to resist it. This is the reason why the first preachers in the infancy of religion, being destitute of power, preach subordination. No sooner have they gained sufficient strength than they preach resistance and rebellion; dethroning some kings and assassinating others.

In every political body where religion is established, there are two rival powers, which, by incessant contention, convulse and wound the state. The citizens divide into opposite parties, each of which fights, or thinks it fights, for God. These contests at different times terminate differently; but the triumphant party is always in the right. By attentive examination of such events, we shall escape the dominion of fanaticism. It is by stimulating mankind to enquiry that they must be freed from the shackles of superstition. Let mankind think till they have thrown aside their prejudices, and they will think justly. The reign of priestcraft will cease when men cease to be ignorant and credulous. Credulity is the offspring of ignorance, and superstition is the child of credulity. But most kings dread that mankind should be enlightened. Accomplices with the priesthood, they have formed a league with them to stifle reason, and persecute all who confide in its guidance. Blind to their own interests and those of their subjects, they wish only to command slaves, forgetting that those slaves are always at the disposal of the priests. Thus we see science neglected and ignorance triumphant in those countries where religion holds the most absolute dominion. Arts and sciences are the children of liberty, and, separated from their parent, they languish and die. Among religious nations, the least superstitious are the most free, powerful, and

happy. In countries where spiritual and temporal despotism are leagued, the people grovel in the most shameful ignorance and lethargic inactivity. The European nations, who boast of possessing the purest faith, are not surely the most flourishing and powerful. Their kings, enslaved themselves by priests, have not energy and courage enough to make a single struggle for their own welfare or that of their subjects. Priests in such states, are the only order of men who are rich; other citizens languish in the deepest indigence. But of what importance are the power and happiness of nations to the sectaries of a religion who seek not for happiness in this world, who believe riches injurious, preach poverty, and recommend abasement to the soul, and mortification of the flesh? It is, without doubt, to compel people to practise these maxims, that the clergy in many Christian states have taken possession of most of the riches, and live in splendour, while their fellow-citizens are set forward in the road to Heaven, unincumbered with any burthen of earthly wealth.—Such are the political advantages society derive from the establishment of religion. It forms an independant state within a state. It renders the people slaves. When sovereigns are obedient to it, it favours their tyranny; when they are disobedient, it renders their subjects fanatic and rebellious. When it accords with political power, it convulses, debases, and impoverishes nations; when not, it makes, citizens unsocial, turbulent, intolerant, and mutinous.

NAPOLEON'S SOLILOQUY
IN THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

The loud sea-waves round this sequester'd Isle,
In swelling pride their foaming volumes roll;
Far from the pomp of war—from Gallia's smile—
Here lonely musing fills my pensive soul!

Here are no lengthening files—no warrior's
plume—

No burnished arms bright-beaming from afar;
No horses neighing to the sounding drum—
No deep'ning ranks to roll the tide of war!

Why did Ambition fire my eager mind?
Ah France! thy glory was my constant aim;
To make thy sons the flower of human kind,
And sound in thunder thy exalted name!

School'd by Adversity, severely taught
By sad reverse to feel the smart of woe,
The Conqueror's Crown shrinks to a thing of
nought,
And martial grandeur to an empty show!

“ Insidious foes! ungenerous Conquerors! say
Why blame my conduct, yet my plans pursue?
Your proclamations liberal views display,
Yet none but simpletons believed them true.

O ye, my foes! ye Censurers of my fame!
I own ambition led my heart astray:
Yet why so lavish of reproach and blame?
Do blameless passions o'er your bosoms sway?

The Russians glory in their wide domain,
Britannia boasts the empire of the sea;
The haughty Austrian swells Ambition's train,
Even Prussian Blücher vainly mimics me!

Shall France alone, with Nature's bounties blest,
Her sons so polished, bred in Honour's school,
Renounce her spirit, bend her towering crest,
And meanly crouch, while others proudly rule?

Ah, no!—though to this dreary rock confined,
My longing eyes proud Paris see no more—
Yet shall my genius fire the patriot's mind,
And rouse the hearts—to war ne'er roused before!

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

(From the *National Intelligencer*.)

Of the escape of the *Hornet* from a British seventy-four, after a chase of 42 hours; extracted from a private journal of one of the officers on board the *Hornet*.

United States ship *Hornet*, off the Cape of Good Hope, Saturday, May 9, 1815.

Thursday, April 27th, 1815.—At 7, p. m. the *Peacock* made a signal for a strange sail bearing S. E. by S. We immediately made all sail in chase. Friday, 28th, commenced with light breezes and pleasant weather; all sails set in chase; at sun-down we neared the stranger considerably, when it fell perfectly calm, and remained so during the whole of the night; the stranger a-head, and could just discern his top sails out of the water. At daylight the sail not to be seen from the deck; at 5, a. m. a breeze sprung up from the N. W. we immediately crowded all sail, in order if possible to get sight of the chase again; soon after descried him standing to the northward and eastward on a wind. Saturday, the 29th, at three quarters past two, p. m. the *Peacock* was about ten miles a head of the *Hornet*, we observed Captain Warrington approaching the stranger with much precaution; we therefore took in all our larboard steering sails, set the stay sails, and hauled up for the *Peacock*, still under the impression the sail in sight was an English Indiaman, and from the apparent conduct of the Commander of the *Peacock*, we were under an impression, as the ship looked very large, that Capt. W. was waiting until we

came up with him, in order to make a joint attack. At half past 3, p. m. the *Peacock* made the signal, that the chase was a line of battle ship, and an enemy. Our astonishment may easily be conceived; we took in all steering sails and hauled upon the wind, bringing the enemy upon our lee quarter, about 3 leagues distance; the *Peacock* on his weather-bow, and apparently not more than three miles from the enemy; at sun down the enemy bore E. 1-2 S. the *Peacock* E. by N. We soon perceived the enemy sailed remarkably fast, but the *Peacock* left him, running off to the eastward. The enemy continued by the wind, and evidently in chase of us; at six loosed the wedges of the lower masts; at eight we discovered the enemy weathered upon us fast, and that there was every appearance he would, if not come up with us, continue in sight all night. It was thought necessary to lighten the ship; at nine we cut away the sheet anchor, and hove overboard the cable, a quantity of rigging, spars, &c. At half past nine scuttled the ward-room deck to get at the kentledge; hove overboard about 90 pieces, weighing about 50 tons. At two, a. m. tacked ship to the southward and westward, which the enemy no sooner discovered than he tacked also. At day light he was within shot distance, on our lee quarter; at seven, a. m. he hoisted English colours, and a Rear Admiral's flag at his mizen-top-gallant-mast-head, and commenced firing from his bow guns, his shot over reaching us about one mile. We therefore commenced again to lighten the ship, by cutting away our remaining anchors and throwing overboard the cables, cut up the launch and heave it overboard, a quantity of provision, with more kentledge, shot, capstern, spars, all rigging, sails, guns, and, in fact, every heavy article that could possibly tend to impede the ship's sailing. The enemy continued to fire very heavy, and in quick succession, but his British thunder could neither terrify the Yankee spirit or diminish Yankee skill, or compel us to shew him the Yankee stripes, which must have irritated him excessively.—None of his shot as yet had taken effect, although he had been firing for near four hours incessantly, his shot generally passing between our masts. We thought at this period we discovered we were dropping him, as his shot began to fall short;

this stimulated our gallant crew to fresh exertion. At eleven, *a. m.* his firing ceased, and the breeze began to freshen, we discovered the enemy was again coming up with us fast, which induced a general belief that he had made some alteration in the trim of his ship. At meridian, squally and fresh breezes; wind from the westward. Sunday 30th, fresh breezes and squally; the enemy still gaining on the *Hornet*. At one, *p. m.* being within gunshot distance, he commenced a very spirited and heavy fire with round and grape, the former passing between our masts, and the latter falling all around us. The enemy fired shells, but were so ill-directed as to be perfectly harmless. From two to three, *p. m.* threw overboard all the muskets, cutlasses, forge, &c. and broke up the bell: also cut up the top-gallant fore-castle. It was now our capture appeared inevitable; the enemy three-fourths of a mile on the lee quarter, pouring his shot and shells in great numbers all around us—continued to lighten the ship by heaving every thing overboard that could either be of service to the enemy, or an impediment to the *Hornet's* sailing. The men were ordered to lay down on the quarter-deck, in order to trim ship, and to facilitate the ship's sailing. At four, one of the shot from the enemy struck the jib-boom, another struck the starboard bulwark, just forward of the gangway, and a third struck on the deck forward of the main hatch, on the larboard side, glanced off, and passed through the foresail. At half past four, we again began to leave the enemy, and to appearance, by magic—set the larboard lower steering sail, the wind drawing more aft. At five, the enemy's shot fell short. At six, fresh breezes—the enemy's hull down in our wake. At seven, could just see his lower steering sail above the horizon; from eight to twelve, descried him at intervals, with the night glasses. At day-light, discovered the enemy astern of us, distant five leagues. At nine, *a. m.* the enemy shortened sail, reefed his topsails, and hauled upon a wind, to the eastward, after a chase of forty-two hours. During this tedious and anxious chase, the wind was variable, so as to oblige us to make a perfect circle round the enemy. Between two and three o'clock yesterday, not a person on board had the most distant idea that there was a possibility of escape. We all

packed up our things, and waited until the enemy's shot would compel us to heave to and surrender, which appeared certain.

Never has there been so evident an interposition of the goodness of a Divine Father—my heart with gratitude acknowledges his supreme power and goodness. On the morning of the 28th, it was very calm, and nothing but murmurs were heard throughout the ship, as it was feared we should lose our anticipated prize—many plans had been formed by us for the disposal of our plunder. The seamen declared they would have the birth-deck carpeted with East India silk, supposing her an Indiaman from India; while the officers, under the impression she was from England, were making arrangements how we should dispose of the money, porter, cheese, &c. &c. Nothing perplexed us more than the idea that we should not be able to take out all the good things before we should be obliged to destroy her. We were regretting our ship did not sail faster, as the *Peacock* would certainly capture her first, and would take out many of the best and most valuable articles before we should get up—(this very circumstance of our not sailing as fast as the *Peacock*, saved us, in the first instance, from inevitable capture—for when Captain W. made the signal for the sail to be an enemy of superior force, we were four leagues to windward.) We all calculated our fortunes were made; but, alas! “we caught a Tartar.” During the latter part of the chase, when the shot and shell were whistling about our ears, it was an interesting sight to behold the varied countenances of our crew. They had kept the deck during all the preceding night, employed continually in lightening the ship, were excessively fatigued, and under momentary expectation of falling into the hands of an enraged enemy. The shot that fell on the main deck (as before related) struck immediately over the head of one of our gallant fellows, who had been wounded in our glorious action with the *Penguin*, where he was lying in his cot very ill with his wounds; the shot was near coming through the deck, and it threw innumerable splinters around this poor fellow, and struck down a small paper American ensign, which he had hoisted over his head—destruction apparently stared us in the face, if we did not soon surrender, yet no officer

no man in the ship shewed any disposition to let the enemy have the poor little *Hornet*. Many of our men had been impressed and imprisoned for years in their horrible service, and hated them and their nation with the most deadly animosity, while the rest of the crew, horror-struck by the relation of the sufferings of their ship-mates, who had been in the power of the English, and now equally flushed with rage, joined heartily in execrating the present authors of our misfortune. Captain Biddle mustered the crew, and told them he was pleased with their conduct during the chase, and hoped still to perceive the propriety of conduct which had always marked their character, and that of the American tar generally, that we might soon expect to be captured, &c. Not a dry eye was to be seen at the mention of capture; the rugged hearts of the sailors, like ice before the

sun, warmed by the divine power of sympathy, wept in unison with their brave commander. About two o'clock, the wind which had crossed us, and put to the test all our nautical skill to steer clear of the enemy, now veered in our favour (as before stated), and we left him. This was truly a glorious victory over the horrors of banishment and the terrors of a British floating dungeon. Quick as thought, every face was changed from the gloom of despair to the highest smile of delight, and we began, once more, to breathe the sweets of liberty—the bitter sighs of regret were now changed, and I put forth my expression of everlasting gratitude to him, the Supreme Author of our being—who had thus signally delivered us from the power of a cruel and vindictive enemy.

PRICES CURRENT in London; Prices of FUNDS in England and France; Number of BANKRUPTCIES in Great Britain; and COURSE OF EXCHANGE with Foreign Countries, during the last Week.

BREAD.—The Quartern Loaf, weighing 4lb. 5oz. 8drams, varies at from 9½d. to 11d.

WHEAT.—The Winchester Bushel, or 8 gallons (corn and beer measure), taken on an average of all the prices at Mark Lane Market, 6s. 3d.—The Sack of Flour, weighing 280lbs. 57s. 6d.

MEAT.—The average wholesale price per Pound weight, at Smithfield Market, where the skin and offal are not reckoned at any thing in the price.—Beef, 7d; Mutton, 7d; Veal, 8½d; Pork, 7½d; Lamb, 8½d.

WOOL.—Vigonia, 16s.; Portugal, 3s.; Spanish Lamb, 9s. 3d.; Leonosa, 7s. 3d.; Segovia, 5s. 9d.; Seville, 4s. 6d.;—This wool is washed and picked.—Wool Imported last week:—From Germany, 30,024lbs.—From Spain, 96,656lbs.—From France, 2,240lbs.—From South America, 9,744lbs.

BULLION.—Gold in bars, £4 3s. per ounce.—New Dollars, 5s. 3½d. each.—Silver in bars, none.—N. B. These are the prices in Bank of England paper.—In gold coin of the English Mint, an ounce of gold in bars is worth 3l. 17s. 10½d.—Standard Silver in bars, in the coin of the English Mint, is worth 5s. 2d. an ounce. In the same coin a Spanish Dollar is worth 4s. 6d.

ENGLISH FUNDS.—The price of the THREE Per Centum Consolidated Annuities, in Bank Paper; 61.

FRENCH FUNDS.—The price of the FIVE Per Cents, in gold and silver money; 58.

BANKRUPTCIES.—Number, during the last week, published in the London Gazette, 40.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

LONDON.	Friday 3.	LONDON.	Friday 3.
Amsterdam	36 2 B 2 U	Bilboa	37½
Ditto at Sight	35 8	St. Sebastian	35½
Amsterdam	11 1 C.F.	Corunna	35½
Ditto at Sight	10 18	Gibraltar	33
Rotterdam	11 2 2 U.	Leghorn	49½
Antwerp	11 2	Genoa	47
Hamburgh	33 8 ½ U.	Venice	25
Altona	33 9 ½ U.	Malta	49
Bremen	33 9	Naples	42
Paris 1 Day's Date	23 30	Palermo	120 per oz.
Ditto	23 50 2 U.	Lisbon	60½
Bordeaux	23 50	Oporto	60½
Frankfort on the Main	139 Ex. Mo.	Rio Janeiro	67
Madrid	37 effective	Dublin	10½ per Cent.
Cadiz	36 effective	Cork	11
Barcelona	35½		